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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The new man being formed in America by the prismatic concentration of all colors is but the precursor of the unified Humanity which is going to be the product of the world-wide union now being so rapidly consummated. America is a home rehearsal of the drama which will have the whole world for its stage. * * * Unity there must be, of rich and poor, learned and unlearned, high and low, Jew, Greek, barbarian. The present territory of actual contact has reached such dimensions through travel, international trade, industry and finance, social good-will, political democracy, that we cannot have unity on the basis of unity of race, or politics or theology. They who are to be made one are of all varieties of race, politics and theologies. There must be some simpler, some greater tie. Civilization has brought about a contact which overruns all the old boundaries of race, class, country, condition, and the old unities have become localisms. —*From Henry Demorest Lloyd's "Man, the Social Creator."*

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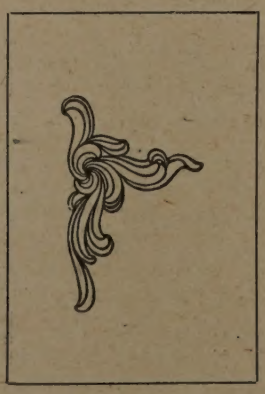

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII | THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1906 | NUMBER 2

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson,
Wearied over there beyond the sea?
We take up the task eternal
And the burden and the lesson—
Pioneers, oh Pioneers!

—*Walt Whitman.*

Our neighbor, *The Public,* has found out that the popular impression that the hobo dislikes water is unfounded. Since the public baths of Chicago have been open in the evening they have been crowded with men of the tramp class who seek cleanliness. Let baths be made more available and there will be fewer people who will dread the water. This is as true in a spiritual as it is in a physical sense.

A newspaper correspondent asks the man who in the public press urges that a working man can support a family on five dollars a week, to offer for publication in the same newspaper a list of his own expenses during the year. The working man is not a horse nor an ox, whose needs are a fixed and calculable quantity; he has a larger self; he is a fraction of a corporate life, whose needs grow with the growth of resources, whose hunger is not all material, and if he does an honorable share of the world's work he has a right to an honorable share of the world's bounty.

A "layman" in the *Railway Conductor,* as quoted by the *Record-Herald,* makes a belated protest against the attempt to elevate the Indian by wresting the child from his mother's arms and carrying him off to a white man's boarding school. However benign the purpose, this is kidnaping. It is, according to this layman, "an attempt to perpetuate the English boarding school, that atrocious relic of a barbaric past." Surely it is possible in this day of railroads to devise a system of schools that will "keep the papoose at home," thereby educating at one time the child and mother and father. There is no substitute for parental love and no culture so scientific as the culture of the fireside, albeit the fire blazes in a wigwam.

The experience of the smitten San Francisco offers a crushing argument against saloons. Says the *Pacific Unitarian:*

We need not theorize about saloons, for we had an experience immediately following the earthquake that proves beyond question that when the saloons are closed crime practically ceases, and the streets are safe at all times. July 5th came and the saloons reopened; almost immediately we read of hold-ups, and the police courts are again busy.

It is not a question of whether a man shall or shall not drink liquor; it is not entirely a temperance question. It is chiefly a question of law and order. The saloon has been tested as never before. We had 3200 before the fire, and an enormous amount of crime. We had none for more than two months, and almost no crime. We have them with us again, and crime comes with them. The law-abiding, self-respecting persons, those who drink and those who do not, pay in money and comfort the cost of these useless and demoralizing places.

The German Turners of Chicago are heading a systematic movement towards securing from Congress the much needed and shamefully belated postal savings bank act. The time has gone by when the desirability of such act is debatable. Its crying need is proven by the ever-recurring losses incurred by the deserving poor at the hands of the miscalled "savings banks" of the country. Its workability is also amply proven by its success wherever tried. The only argument against it is the selfish argument that comes from Wall Street and kindred banking associations. Let Congress hasten to put the great and solvent government back of every thrifty citizen, from the washerwoman up to the man who is too busy with the work of the world to have time to wisely invest or even to protect his own earnings, and thus put the United States in line with twenty or more of the other great nations of the world.

"The American Institute of Sacred Literature" is the rather cumbersome title given to one of many educational activities which originated in the fertile brain of President Harper of the University of Chicago. It was inaugurated in 1900 for the purpose of promoting Bible studies, particularly through the instrumentality of the Sunday School. Since then the society has annually asked the coöperation of ministers, at least so far as the setting aside of one Sunday in September to a sermon upon some phase of Bible study. The chairman of the executive committee, Professor Burton, reports that at least 2,500 different churches the last year accepted the invitation. This call is again repeated, and all ministers who accept this invitation are invited to register at the headquarters of the society and they will receive free of charge printed material that may assist in the preparation of such a program. No minister joining in the movement assumes any further obligation towards the Institute. The invitation is certainly a movement towards fraternity, and happy are the people whose pastor will lead them into this high comradeship. Is there not such a thing as a "chorus of thought" as well as a chorus of voices?

Adele M. Whitgreave (we take pleasure in recording her name) has a timely and we fear too well merited rebuke in the Chicago Sunday *Record-Herald* for last week to the wealthy women who visit unneces-

sary cruelty and anxiety upon dressmakers, milliners and other people with whom they have dealings, by the careless way in which they pay their bills. This correspondent doubtless knew whereof she spoke when she wrote of the large number "of rich women who forget the need of the poorer ones; frequently they forget their very existence, as they only approach them when they themselves need something." Such women are all too familiar objects in the social compact. They are insistent that the new gown ordered for the swell function, or the Easter hat, must be forthcoming with great promptness, though the order was unnecessarily belated; but once the goods delivered, they are in no hurry to give their inadequate *quid pro quo,* and if a pressure not to be spoken of compeks a dun, however polite, future patronage is endangered. This correspondent well says:

> "Money is a great comfort to those whose excheckers are not large, and by prompt payment a part of the bitterness of long hours and hard work is removed. * * * Those to whom great wealth is entrusted should never owe a debt, not for long. They should never keep any one waiting for the money that is justly theirs when the goods have been delivered. They should be more thoughtful, having more money, than the woman whose income is small. The person who brings the article ordered should never be told by the butler or servant to 'call again' when he or she can be paid just as easily then and there."

That conscience is poorly adjusted to its fellows that loves to buy in retail but to pay in wholesale. The impersonal check that is drawn only periodically or at the convenience of the drawer, without any reference to the convenience of the drawee, makes brutal what ought to be the courteous exchanges of life. We would not blunt the sharp edge of this woman's appeal in behalf of a long suffering class of women, but we venture to suggest that not only milliners and dressmakers, but ministers and editors and other workers for the public weal have often reason to sympathize with the neglected dressmaker and milliner. Many a vacation has been robbed of its fullest benediction on account of the postponement of acknowledged obligations on the part of those who neglected to pay their debts, simply because their ability to pay at any time was so well known. Such neglect is none the less shameful because fashionable, and the correspondent is doubtless true to the psychology of the matter when she says that this type of rich woman is closely related to the woman who

> "sends a hat home today, wears it tonight and returns it tomorrow, or who orders a dinner set or wine glasses, uses them for some special function and has a call card made for them later; or who has sent to her residence on approval three costly rugs, her bank account warranting the same, using them for a reception, then concluding that they are not suitable, returns them."

Shopping by Mail

The *Public* for August 25 contains an interesting article on "The Mail Order Business," setting forth the sudden rise, the present efficiency and the future prospects of the houses which use the postman as their messenger and the postal service as their delivery wagons. The department store is comparatively a modern invention and sagacious merchants predicted the time when it would put the small dealer out of business. But now the department store has met its rival that threatens its primacy. Already the great houses of Montgomery Ward & Co. and Sears, Roebuck & Co. and the like in Chicago and elsewhere threaten to overshadow even the Marshall Field Company, while the mail order business of the last mentioned house and similar ones is rapidly on the increase.

The economy of the mail order house is obvious. Their "drummer" is the catalogue, and where samples are necessary in order to secure the order, "Uncle Sam" will carry them. As the writer in the *Public* shows, the mail order business has also contributed to the integrities of trade. These houses must necessarily sell on honor; they send their goods subject to return if not satisfactory. With them as never before, right dealing and capital and honesty is indeed good policy.

But thus far the mail order house is confined to the country; the class of houses mentioned above deliberately refuse all city trade. But why should it always be so? Would it not be a great convenience for the urbanite living five to ten miles away from the center to consult the catalogue and order his goods by mail? Would there not be an immense saving of money, as well as of time and strength, if the fascinations of the bargain counter and that most profitless leisure class industry—"shopping"—was largely taken out of the lives of the "money spending sex," as Mrs. Henrotin calls the women? The advantage of buying goods by mail would probably prove as great a convenience to the city dweller as it is now to the country dweller. In Chicago the mail order houses have already discovered the absurdity of trying to jam their business into the overcrowded centers of the city. They have moved out where land is cheaper and air is better. But the courage that is now measured by blocks is destined to be measured by miles. Special railroad switches and side tracks might be laid twenty or forty miles from the center of the great metropolis, if need be, and mail and freight and express matter serve the mighty trade all the more promptly. What a relief it will be when in the future city the dwellers on the boulevard can quietly consult their lists at home, send their orders on postal cards, which will bring their goods back within forty-eight hours, if need be, subject to return. This will relieve the blanket sheet daily of its main support, the inflammatory advertisements, the full page "Bargain" announcements that now so overlay the reading matter and litter the modern homes.

There is need of but one more link to make the chain complete, and that is a parcel post law which will permit Uncle Sam to carry the parcels at postage rate which are now carried at exorbitant prices by the private express companies.

Is there anything alarming in this prospect? Only to those who would thrive on the extravagances of the community; those who seek to amass fortunes by

selling that which the people do not need, at times when they are not wanted, and in ways least convenient. Will this put the small merchant out of business? The "signs of the times" would seem to indicate that he is already doomed, although there will be employment for armies of intelligent men and women in "Retail-Town," which will be so laid out as to give these men and women the maximum of air, house room and garden space. And then what energy is released at the ribbon palaces of modern trade? The armies of traveling men that will be discharged, the battalions of advertisers that can be excused, may turn their energies into constructive lines and instead of being consumers only they may become producers, and their individuality, for which so much anxiety is expressed by certain economists, will find its greater liberty in its higher development.

The men who dared venture on the department store movement met with unexpected success because they rested their venture on common sense. All honest attempts to develop a postoffice trade have met with similar success. The man or men who will dare to open a mail order house for city dwellers and locate his institution far out on the prairie, if the venture should happen to be a Chicago one, will encounter a similar surprise. Life is too short to be wasted in shopping, and the civilization that will reduce to the minimum this outlay of time, strength and money is the civilization that will bring intelligence, justice, contentment and other soul triumphs to the front. Give us a Parcel Post. Let mail order houses be established for city as well as for country people, and life will be less strenuous and we will have more time for the poets, the scientists and the out-door recreations that do recreate.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEXT THING.

I have read somewhere of an old English parsonage that has deeply engraved over its portal a quaint Saxon legend

"Do Ye Nexte Thynge."

In my thought it seems connected with Mother Bickerdyke for she turned so quickly and so easily from one kind of work to another. The bright star of duty shone ever before her and she followed it faithfully.

Though she called these first two years in California a time of rest, she had by no means been idle. She found the poor and needy there as she had found them in the East and must be at work for them. There, too, were old soldiers who, though there was no question of their need or deserts, yet found much difficulty in getting the government to grant them pensions, and here Mother Bickerdyke gave great aid, helping many a poor man to secure a recognition of his claim and the granting of the pension he had so richly earned. This work once begun was never laid down until very shortly before her death, and many indeed were, and are still, the men who had cause to bless her for her timely aid. It was a work strictly to her liking, and she threw herself into it with the same zeal and enthusiasm, the same forgetfulness of self and her needs that she had shown in earlier days of army life. She sought through records and muster rolls, she traveled untold miles in going from place to place wherever the evidence she sought for could be found, she interviewed state and national officials, urging everywhere the gospel of good sense and justice, pleading the great service rendered by the private soldier and his claim upon the people, in fact she did all that was possible to her that justice might be done and the government might prove its gratitude to those who had made it still possible that ours should be a "land of the free and the home of the brave." And not this alone. Besides her work for the soldier, she helped greatly in California and elsewhere to establish homes for the destitute widows and children of those who had fallen while doing a soldier's duty. True worth is ever modest and seeks to hide its needs away from the public gaze; but Mother Bickerdyke had a way of finding all such cases out and of putting them in a way to be cared for and cheered.

But while helping others to live she must herself live. She gave freely to others but scorned charity for herself. In order that she might be independent and self supporting she applied for a position in the government mint in San Francisco, and with several generals as "backers" had no difficulty in obtaining it, and here she spent several peaceful, happy years, with always her beautiful charities to fill in the odd hours of her day and lift her life above monotony or drudgery. Indeed work could never be drudgery to her, for she brought a beautiful spirit to it ever and did all she had to do as "seeing Him who is invisible."

But what had the government done for her while she was so busy in doing for others? Was she who had given so much, she who served through five long years as faithfully as ever soldier served, giving up all that woman holds dearest—home and the training and companionship of her children—she who gave herself in a way that is rarely imitated and never excelled, who followed from hospital to hospital, from battlefield to battlefield, braving alike the fearful cold of winter and the no less fearful heat of summer; who saw sights too dreadful for woman's eyes and that haunted her through all the years that came after, was she cared for as she deserved? The soldier had his monthly pay—a pittance surely—and yet something; he had food and clothing and was cared for as well as he could be under the circumstances. What did she have? Who can believe that she served all those dreadful years with no recompense save that of an approving conscience and the love of the soldier and his friends? This is much, and she would not have been without it, but would it have been lessened in any way had justice been done her and a liberal sum marked opposite her name each month on the payroll? Is this the boasted gratitude of republics? This our standard of justice? This woman saved the government many thousands of dollars' worth of hospital and sanitary supplies and brought to the front many more thousands of dollars' worth of clothing, vegetables and other needed articles. It is even said of her that "her services were worth more to the army than that of all its brigadier generals." She spent herself royally in service; she came and went untiringly; she gave all—all—and what did the government do for her in return?

Oh, men! Cover your faces for shame while I tell that twenty long years after she was mustered out,

when she had grown old and broken, and yet somehow still shamed younger women with the multitude of her charities, the strength and beauty of her work—twenty years after—she was granted a pension of twenty-five paltry dollars a month! Oh, the shame of it! the bitter wrong and injustice! She did not ask for a pension. She was too noble to ask for one—her friends must do it for her. They tried to get a bill through Congress allowing her fifty dollars a month, and this was but a fraction of what should have been given her. But though Generals Grant, Sherman, Pope and Logan spoke in her behalf, and would fain have had it otherwise; though Mrs. Livermore and other influential friends and coworkers did all they could, the bill was "amended by the committee" and only twenty-five dollars monthly allowed her. Let that day—May 9, 1886—be branded as a day of our nation's. Twenty-five dollars a month—three hundred dollars a year after all she had done. Think how generously we deal with the widows of our generals and other high officers—women who, though they bore loss, loneliness and anxieties in common with all of the women of the North and South—yet did nothing, gave nothing in comparison with what Mother Bickerdyke did and gave. How could we, oh, how could we have done it? How it must have hurt her proud heart and outraged her sense of justice—and yet, no! So little did she think of or value self she was glad even of this amount. "It is so much more to work with. I can do a great deal of good with it," she said, and went on her beautiful way bravely, uncomplainingly. Now it is too late to do for her, but even yet the government should acknowledge its sin towards her and show its repentance by doing some worthy deed for those she loved—the few of her "boys" that are still left with us.

Though the government seemed ungrateful, she knew the individual soldier was not so. Wherever she went they—the soldiers—flocked to see her. Parties were given in her honor and receptions tendered her. And no old soldiers' reunion was complete where it was possible for her to go without her. I have heard her tell how the "boys"—white haired and gray-bearded, grandfathers and, in many instances, great-grandfathers, but yet her "boys"—always crowded around her and what tender recollections they recalled, sometimes with tears as they spoke of a fallen comrade, and again with hearty laughter as the memory of some amusing incident of camp life came back to them. They would beg for some memento of her to carry home "and keep always"—and she would give them a handkerchief, a flower, or even a piece of the dress she wore "snipped out" regardless of its price or worth, or of the condition in which it left her. "What did it matter so that the boys wanted it and were pleased," she would say; "I had always other dresses and more handkerchiefs at home." An indulgent, loving old mother was she, and if she "spoiled the boys" sometimes it was all for "love's dear sake" and because she would make all around her happy, and ever

> "Her life, her work, each kindly thought,
> On other lives their sweetness brought;
> Enshrined in hearts is her renown,
> Their love supreme shall be her crown."

A Faithful Dog

It is related by Professor Bell that, when a friend of his was traveling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he intended making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening his servant informed him that the dog seemed very ill, as they could not induce him to eat anything. He went at once to his favorite; and, as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for him with great eagerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up and kept it in his mouth, fearing even to eat lest he should lose his master's property before an opportunity was afforded him to restore it.—*Chambers' Journal.*

What Education is Doing for the Negro

The wonderful opportunities that the South offers will inevitably attract from the outside a good deal of fresh capital and not a little sturdy labor, both American and European. Nevertheless, for the most part, the development that the South is destined to make in the next twenty-five years is going to be brought about through the efforts of the people now living in the South, with their sons and daughters, applying their own energy and skill, and using their own modest accumulations of productive capital. Of these people now living in the South, nearly ten million belong to the colored race. Whatever fate may be theirs in the distant future, every one must know that for a long time to come these colored people must continue to do a large share of the hard work that goes with Southern economic advancement. They will till the soil, build the roads, fell the forests, work in the mills, dig in the mines, and labor at many trades and handicrafts. In any progressive region the largest item in the list of productive assets is the energy and skill of the workers; and this must be true of the South. The training of the rising generation is more essential than any thing else to the growth of the Southern States in all that is desirable by way of material progress. It is more important to train the white race than the black, because the white race is dominant, and upon its well-being depends the maintenance of conditions under which other races may also hope to improve and prosper. If it were possible to do only the one thing and not the other, then it would be better for the colored race that all educational effort should be concentrated upon the training of white children. For any one who understands the problems of the South must know very well that to concentrated educational effort upon the children of the colored race, and to neglect meantime the white children, would be not only harmful to the negroes, but disastrous. The dominant race must be well trained, or the race that is inferior in numbers and position will suffer deeply in a hundred ways. It happens, however, that there is no need to neglect the colored race while training the white children, and the disposition on the part of a few people to divert the policy of certain Southern States in such a direction is strongly condemned by the controlling forces of public opinion. Everywhere the Southern States are providing for negro education. The present wealth of the South is not so great as to render it easy to raise the taxes necessary for the support of two sets of schools. All the more credit, therefore, is due to the Southern people for the manner in which they are endeavoring to provide education for the colored children.—From "What Hampton Means by 'Education,'" by Albert Shaw, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for September.

*What Is God?

By J. George Frederick.

The more that I ponder over this grave and vital problem of human thought, the more am I persuaded that the whole drift of my life hangs upon my interpretation and application of it.

How else could it be? My idea of the spirit of the universe and life, and its final meaning with relation to me, influences my character, thought and activity far more than anything else. I may not think much about it, and I may have too little intellect to probe very far beyond just an emotion about it; but everything that I do and think uses some philosophy of life as a starting point. Even the most prosaic business men have faith in the worth-whileness of thrift and industry and their ultimate justification—things which are to them the salt and leaven of life.

And this is the very heart and soul of God and religion, this faith in the final and everlasting worth-whileness of life and living, this idea of the benign attitude and well-meaningness toward us of the spirit which inhabits and inspires the universe. Religion cannot be resolved into anything more fundamental, nor can God be anything less than what we picture this spirit, drift or attitude of the universe to be.

I cannot do without God, nor can anyone else. My affection for my kin, my faith in my life-work, my desire to live constitute the very groundwork of God and religion in me. My certainty that two and two will make four tomorrow and forever, that food will be desirable and sunshine pleasant in the future indicate an acknowledgment of the inseparability of God and me.

Neither can I neglect God. The moment I do anything I am taking God into account, whether I think about it or not. I cannot act without the idea that my action is going to accomplish something which will be true. My very act is proof of my belief in its efficacy for some purpose—and purpose and efficacy are fundamentals of God. Unless I acknowledge these things the flowers, the birds, fishes and trees have more than I, and are wiser.

Therefore, atheism and agnosticism have been logically forced out of the field of sane thinking, almost by the same arguments which once constituted their platform. To say "there is no God" is to put yourself in the position of denying what you believe; and to say "I don't know" is to assert an opinion which you contradict every day that you live.

But we have only discovered the necessity of the *fundamentals* of God and religion in life. We have accepted no *form* with which the human imagination has clothed the stupendous idea of God. How to conceive God in the highest way that we can now know him, and still keep him a power in our religious consciousness, that is still our problem.

Here, therefore, we come face-to-face with the question as to whether or not we shall leave behind the time-honored conceptions of God, which have been so much to the centuries past. We must decide whether the means which the naïve child-understanding of earlier races took to picture God to themselves will satisfy our greater intelligence and thought, and will be sufficient to make our God and religion real. We must choose between a giant law-giving Caesar in a corner of the heavens, and all the other conceptions which use form and color and matter to conceive him as something human in the material sense—between this and something higher. We have made great strides in every branch of knowledge, and the masses have kept great educational pace with the advance, so that if there ever was a good reason to endeavor to keep religious and philosophic advance in thought and inspiration from the general people, there is no call for it now. Indeed, the wide-spreaded knowledge of all the scientific progress in undermining the old conceptions, calls loudly and urgently for a readjustment in upbuilding the fundamentals of God which no one can ever destroy, into a form which once more will be vital to us. There is no cause whatsoever for alarm lest we shall lose God—no more than there is cause for alarm when a storm cloud obscures the sun. Our modern difficulty with God and religion is not with their essentials and fundamentals, but with their *forms* and *vestments*.

We may therefore proceed upon our endeavor to see God with our highest vision, knowing that we are not only doing something to make religion and God more real to us, but also fulfilling our highest destinies in moving ever toward the more real and the more perfect.

The reason for much of our reluctance to yield the old has been that we have been afraid that the fundamentals were going to be disturbed. The men who have been most active in showing us the weaknesses and errors in our old forms and conceptions have been *only* analytical, rarely synthetical—they have always been content only to tear down and leave us in the midst of the seemingly hopeless wreckage. Most of them have had too little spiritual sympathy, and have even taken an over-enthusiastic pleasure in destroying, sometimes going beyond their province to destroy the fundamentals, too, seemingly. Some of us went with them part way in their destroying, others repudiated them altogether; and *all* of us knew that these men were strangers to the great human heart, somehow, and we instinctively refused to believe all they told us. Thus we have fought science as a foe very much, from a blind instinct of self-preservation. It assailed the very ground beneath our feet, the rudder and helm of our slender craft, without deigning to also bring us rehabilitating knowledge and science—smiling cruelly, indeed, when we asked for it.

And yet science was largely right—by necessity, for science is only our common, practical judgment, systematized and expert, carried to all branches of human knowledge. Upon the things which science passes its final cautious dictum of validity, we have no escape but to do likewise, upon the same principles which uphold religion and God. For to deny any of our experience-tested truths is also to deny God and religion, which are only similar tested truths.

Science is therefore our friend, not our foe, if only our constructive vision will keep pace with our analytical vision. If the practical side of me grows to the point of seeing the allegorical meaning of the story of creation, the symbolic nature of Hades, and the natural inspiration of the Bible, then the spiritual side of me, the speculating thought-side, must grow also to the point of a new and higher vision of God and religion, or I am confused in my motive power in life.

There are several choices open to me. I may close my eyes to all thought-advance and spiritual progress and cling doggedly to old forms, or I may seize upon a half-truth and build an imaginative theory upon it, or I may be as freely ready to sanely advance as is God and all the universe of life. Which do I choose? If nature is well balanced in me I cannot fail but to choose the latter! The universal passion of life for growth and evolution will urge itself upon me. I will

*The first of three articles by Mr. Frederick on the general topic "Eternal Questions." The second will appear in the near future.

want to look forward, not backward! I will want to see God anew and higher, even as God is ever straining to see himself anew, and constantly willing to love and do on new planes. I will want to see the mountain behind the mountain, and every height behind that which my limited human vision is capable of seeing, and which I can *make* it capable of seeing by ever willing and doing. I will want to realize God to the uttermost!

Here, then, stretch before us the broad reaches of our effort to comprehend God. What shall come of it?

In the past God has been held to be this and that, and here and there. He has been in the stones, the wind and the sun and the burning bush. He has been moulded in clay and stone and wood and gold, called by a thousand names, separated into many parts and persons, and to him has been attributed every sort of personality and all the worst and best in human nature.

But always, everywhere, and in all conceptions, I would have you note, he was adjudged to be *true* above all things, to mean ultimate *goodness* ever, and to foster and encourage all that was most *beautiful* in the eyes of his worshippers. Here you will see how the indivisible fundamentals of God assert themselves in every conception, *thus proving that they are the real God.* Truth, goodness and beauty, together with their benign, loving attitude toward us, must be the vitalizing elements, the inspiring breath, the *spirit* of God, for they are spiritual attributes themselves, and prove that the most real and true things are the spiritual things; that after you strip something of its changeable and unreal exterior you will have nothing left but *spirit.*

But what does that much-juggled word "spirit" really mean? We cannot proceed without confusion unless we clarify our minds of the hybrid definitions which have clustered about the word, and set its truly legitimate meaning squarely before us. Without attempting a category of what it does *not* mean—which would surely be a voluminous undertaking—we might make an excellent start by pointing out immediately its sharp oppositeness to anything material in any sense. It *cannot* mean anything which can be weighed, measured, seen, heard, touched—it is utterly outside the realm of sense: *it can exist only in thought.*

It would make a curiously interesting etymological study to trace this peculiar word's history from the time of its first use by the Greeks to signify breath, which was supposed by most of the philosophers of the time to be the vital principle of life, to its modern meaning. When appropriated by the Neoplationists and the theologians later it was held to mean a supernatural entity—a secretive, mystical stranger abiding temporarily within human organism; and this definition is still a favorite religious connotation of the word.

The popular French application of the word to mean animation, mettle, vivacity, made an early approach to the now well-defined and most legitimate English province of the word to mean that pervading, immaterial essence which is the tempering motive-power of anything; and, applied personally, to mean those vitiating, inspirational mind-attitudes and aromatic graces which constitute the truest and only real personality. Thus when Wordsworth says (Sonnets iii, 48):

> "All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
> And by the general reverence God is praised."

we see the application of the true meaning to nature in general. And when W. K. Clifford in his Lectures (I, 80) refers to "the spirit of age" as "that force and law which governs all changes of character," we can appreciate the governing reality in history of the true meaning of this word. Wordsworth also gives it a great cosmic meaning when he exclaims (Influence of Natural Objects):

> "Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
> Thou soul that art the eternity of thought!
> And giv'st to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion!"

Similarly, the spirit of public opinion—utterly immaterial and existing only in thought—is nevertheless a far more real, living, powerful force than the material mass of the people. Applied personally, we may see the meaning of the word as applied to a letter, for instance. When we say its spirit is satirical, it matters little what the concrete words present to our senses—we have the interpreting key, without which they are meaningless forms. The spirit of the letter is the *real* letter, though it resides in the form.

What, for instance, also, could science amount to, more than valueless forms, without the scientific *spirit?*

And so with the general spirit of a human being—his truest self is that *attitude,* of love or hate, which he takes toward life and things, and which is determined by his heredity, environment and character. His spirit is a combination of the negative or positive spiritual attributes, which have no existence outside of thought, such as love, mercy, beauty, truth, joy, goodness, humility, charity; or hate, despair, wrath, prejudice, etc. His particular, individual combination of them constitutes his personality, *his true and only personality, his real soul.* What else but clay is there to him?

We must here remember that the word soul is quite as much clustered about with varying definitions as the word spirit—and in fact has had very much the same etymological history. It began by meaning breath or vital spirit of life, and in the Bible and theological usage was assumed to mean the incorporeal nature of man, though its translation from the Hebrew and Greek (Nephesh, Psyche) by other than dogmatic churchmen might more truthfully have rendered it *life.* To show how the word also means the vitalizing, immaterial essence of anything, that epigram of Shakespeare's (Hamlet, ii, 2, 90) will suffice:

> "Brevity is the soul of wit,
> And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes."

Aristotle early saw this, too, saying the soul of an ax, for instance, was its *axness.*

And to illustrate its meaning as applied to the higher and finer universal emotions which constitute the spirit and soul of man, another passage from Shakespeare is apt (Tempest, iii, I, 63):

> "Hear my soul speak:
> The very instant that I saw you did
> My heart fly to your service."

This understanding of the natural and *perfectly knowable* nature of soul and spirit will prepare us for a repudiation of the supernatural and the mystical. Philosophy has long taught us that they are analogous, and that everything that is, is natural, forming a single whole, and all tributary and complementary to everything else. Matter is in mind and mind is in matter, and in the two are everything that we ever have or ever can dream of or hope for. *God* must be in both; his manifestation in matter, his soul and spirit —*his real self*—in mind. If we want to truly know God, therefore, we must look inwardly, not outwardly, And looking inwardly to the highest that is in us can only result in transfixing our gaze upon those *truly* spiritual elements, love and truth, beauty and sincerity, hope, faith and charity; which, instead of being mys-

tical and supernatural, are the very realest things we know, though we have attained but an infinitely small knowledge and experience of them.

Once we grasp all this, once we see the direction in which God lies within our own experience, and once we master the true meaning of spiritual things, God in his universal essence and meaning begins to dawn upon us with an inspiring grandeur beside which the anthropomorphisms of Tertullian, Augustine, Voltaire, Calvin and Paley are effete crudities.

In the first place, all the sciences and even philosophy, poetry and literature are converging to our point of view, with biological, geological, astronomical, logical and emotional evidence of the ubiquity and reality of *spirit* in the universe, in its natural and true sense. It is now settled that all matter is alive and is pervaded with mind and spirit, because it exercises the function of will and sensatory preference, and therefore moves forward with distinct spiritual purpose. No one can read Prof. Haeckel's luminous and masterly portrayal of the consciousness and purposive choosing manifested through chemical affinity in minute organic cells without seeing the majesty of the life-principle; and it takes but a little wider contemplation to see God in the vast sweep of the universe's essence of mind as it makes for truth, goodness and beauty in countless manifestations of matter. Every infinitely minute cell in all the infinitely large universe has evidently its mind, its will, its individuality, its spirit and soul. And the totality of all their love and faith and hope and willing and striving must be God in all his undreamed-of glory!

How royally superior is such a conception of God to the materialistic Caesar of the heavens who had to be propitiated with saint, priest and a mediator before he concerned himself with us! What infinitely greater inspiration to the human heart than the *deux ex machina,* the mechanical Demiurge, the specious "first cause" (Spencer), the awing, perfunctory "power which makes for righteousness" (Arnold), which have in the past been held to be God!

God, we now see, is not anything strange or distant or abstract or cold or mechanical—he is those very things which are dearest and most precious to us; only he is the whole of all that exists of them in the universe, not a tiny portion of them, as we are. We may legitimately, though not accurately, call him a Person, because if the God-like attributes in us constitute our final and only real personality, then the existing whole of them, or God, must be the final and real Personality of All Things, though that Personality's existence is wrapped up in the individualities of the universe.

The post-Hegelian school of philosophers have spun a fine mesh of argument and reason to reach God through the nature of what they call the Absolute Experience (Royce: Conception of God, etc.); but nothing more than a cold ideal of the reason has been accomplished. An Absolute can only be realized by the perfection of universals as experienced by individuals, and the only true universals are truth, beauty and goodness, to imagine the perfection of which would be to limit infinity. To conceive the Absolute as thus deciding to limit infinity, as Prof. Royce is forced to do to maintain his theory (Ibid.), is artificial and arbitrary, as well as unthinkable, in that it necessitates an act of absolute power *before* an Absolute can be established.

No; all the knowledge and inspiration about God that we shall ever get must come through and consist of individual experience and individual conception. Dr. Geo. A. Gordon truly says (Ultimate Conceptions of Faith, 351): "Man must find God in himself if he would find him beyond himself." And Kant most significantly points out (Critique) that "man in his typically rational activities, guided by truth, beauty and goodness, is an end in himself, possessing in himself an absolute and indefeasible worth." God in his highest sense must speak to us by means of individual human beings, individual things—yes, individual atoms, for the spirit of God, the real self of God, is in all of them and everything. In an overwhelmingly true sense God walks ever with us and is present in our innermost thoughts. He whispers courage in my ear through the winds, he infuses joy in the smiling sunlight, hope in the ozone of the air, beauty in the sunset, strength in the hills. In my experience he promises worth-whileness for all my noblest dreams, if I will only take note of their assurances which he manifests in every atom of life and even in myself. The life-cells of my own body, fighting daily for me to preserve my organism, speak of the courage, the hope, the sympathy for me, the unerring good purpose, which is none other than God. The triumph of light over darkness, purity over impurity, knowledge over ignorance, joy over sorrow, beauty over ugliness, love over hate, mercy over injustice—the spectacle of which is in all the life of the universe for those who only *will* to see it—this is the very bone and sinew, mind, heart and soul of God. It is he who refuses to see who is without God in his consciousness. Our bodies and brains know God—live with him, think with him, work with him; it is our mind-consciousness which is having all the trouble in realizing him in terms of thought. It will be only when we turn our eyes to purely spiritual things (always keeping in mind the true nature of these spiritual things) and realize that only when we conceive God *as* pure thought in its highest essence, that we can make God perfectly understandable and powerfully real *to* thought. We can never satisfactorily see God in the sense-region of our minds; we must try to see him in the highest portion of our minds, the spiritual part of which alone is capable of our highest thought, of love and beauty and goodness.

It must be that Christ had wonderfully clear conceptions of just this, for no man ever struggled harder to demonstrate that the spiritual things were the most real things, and that "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John iv, 24.) His assertion, so oft repeated, that *God is love,* together with his wonderful sermon on the mount and his whole life-teaching, even as so inadequately reported in the four synoptic gospels, shows his vivid realization of the eternal reality of the *spirit* of things, and the conviction that love, charity, faith, mercy, humility, sacrifice and the other "fruits of the spirit" were the only things worth striving for, the only things at last true and triumphant.

A great many of us have had premonitions and prefigurings of all these things—have felt, if not consciously known, a far more inspiring Deity than any prevalent theology had to offer.

Did not Wordsworth *feel* the true God, though he could not reason him out, when he wrote these lines (Solace of Nature):

> "And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

It has stifled our higher nature to think of God as a material or a supernatural being; he cannot any longer be a vitalizing thought to us as such; and God must be a vitalizing thought or he is a superfluity.

All our old intuitional relations to God now come back to us with a new and vividly intimate meaning, showing that even the most orthodox are only mistaking the letter for the spirit, the form for the reality. God *does* offer us salvation if we will faithfully walk with him, for in the fullest sense death, darkness and unhappiness will be our lot if we do not, make him—for his attributes *are* him—preponderant in our thought and life. He *does* hear our petitions, for he *is* the very spirit which prompts us to appeal to the sympathetic spirituality of the universe. He *does* love us and care for us, for he is all there is of love itself! He *does* promise mighty things to us if we will believe in him and stay close to him, for the grandeur and nobility of truth, beauty and goodness are infinite, and we have only to link our lives with them to be infinite also.

What material for poetry and literature! What inspiration for pulpit and pen and thought! What incentive to soar with our ideals, and follow with our life and works, to the limit of our human opportunity! What freedom! What liberty! What dignity! What divinity! What opportunity, in this closeness to God, this sharing of his very being, this Presence which is everywhere, always speaking to us, always caring, always encouraging! In the language of Tennyson,

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, the plains,
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?

"Speak to Him, thou, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet:
Closer is he than listening, and nearer than hands or feet!"

Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation; in such a combat he is the bravest soldier that lays about him without fear or wit. Wit pleads, fear disheartens; he that would kill Hydra had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree and the branches are soon cut off.—*Quarles.*

The Teacher vs. the Specialist

The tendency to over-emphasize the work of the specialist in research is not making for the best conception of the true work of the teacher. The present custom in many of our largest universities of relegating the work of instruction to underpaid, raw, and inexperienced tutors and instructors, while confining the work of the high-salaried research specialists to a dozen or two of graduate students, is a perversion of an educational trust. A stimulating teacher is surely as valuable a member of the social body as the patient discoverer. What the youth of the present generation most need is not the discovery of some new fact of minor importance, but a thorough assimilation of some of the plain every-day truths upon which the wise of a hundred generations have builded. In these days of high talk about research and original work, one is tempted to ask, how many important discoveries have been made in the universities? The self-importance with which a newly-fledged Ph. D. talks of his original contribution to science is but another evidence that paying tithe of mint and cummin still produces more complacency than attending to the weightier matters of the law. His original contribution! What is it? He has discovered an unnamed muscle in a frog's left hind leg.—*From "The Confessions of an Obscure Teacher," in the September Atlantic.*

A Vagrant

I.

Where did you sail from, wee white feather,
Blown to this waste-strewn, wind-swept strand?
Stray little vagrant, I wonder whether,
Wanderer thou of the wave or land,
Some sky-whim whirled you in from the deep lake-blue,
From some wild little wing as it swiftly flew,
Buoyant, tireless, athrill with the glee,
Joyance surging from heart-depths, "I'm free!"
The up! up !up! and the on! on! on
The thrill of the rise in the young glad dawn
The brave, day-long breasting of wind and weather!
What struggles you've joyed in, wee lord of this feather!
Till the sun-set glow and the evening-star
And the night-hush called you from blue depths far,
From the sun and the waves and the glad free flight,
To the brooding of tired life's nurse, dim night,
To hide the wee head 'neath the brave little wing,
Under skies that bend, under stars that sing,
Under God's own love. Can you tell me whether
My dreaming is seeing, wee vagrant feather?

II.

Some tiny thought-star, a soul's wee feather,
Pulse of the heart or glow of the mind,
Stray little vagrant of spirit weather,
Blown to my soul-strand, oft I find.
Some God-chance whirled it in from the spirit-blue,
From some soul of the wings-unclipped, that flew
Buoyant, fearless, aglow with the glee,
Joyance surging to heart-voice, "I'm free!"
Life, up! up! up! and life, on! on! on!
The thrill of the rise in the young glad dawn
The brave, day-long breasting of wind and weather!
Joy-struggles—won? lost?—no matter whether;
The heart pulses free, and each evening star
And the night-hush call it from depths afar,
From the sun and the waves and the glad free flight,
To the brooding of tired life's nurse, kind night,
To rest 'neath day's joy, the brave heart's wing,
While the skies bend low and the night-stars sing,
And God's peace descends. The soul answers whether
This dreaming is seeing, wee vagrant feather.

III.

Whence sprang the gladness, wee vagrant feather,
As you rose in the sun, as you flashed in the blue?
Secret of joy?—Was it half a "together"?
Was it part of the glow that not *one* but *two*
With the first warm pulse of the glad, glad day,
As the sun flamed over the point on the bay,
Up-sprang, up-flashed, a-wing with the glee,
Joyance soaring to sky-heights, "We're free!"
Two, up! up! up! and two, on! on! on
Two hearts, one thrill, in that crimson dawn
Two breasting day-long the wind and weather!
What struggles two joyed in, dear little feather
Till the sun-set glow on the crested blue,
And the twilight hush, with its peace, brought two
From the sun and the waves and the glad free flight,
To nestle together with dim, sweet night;
Two little heads 'neath two little wings,
While the soft skies bend and the star-light sings,
And God's love enfolds. Two could tell whether
My dreaming is seeing, wee vagrant feather.

IV.

Whence shall true heart-joy voyage, wee feather?
Deep voices of life answer, "Unwearied flight."
But, low in my heart, human longings plead whether
Two may not gladden that glad delight;
When hearts, one in joy, beat large and true
To the great heart-pulse of the mystic blue,
Buoyant, dauntless, a throb with heart-glee,
Joyance surging to heart-cry, "We're free!"
Love, up! up! up! and love, on! on! on!
Love-glow in the burst of life's glad young dawn!
Love breasting day-long rough winds, harsh weather!
The joy of shared struggle—won? lost?—together.
Sunset glow, twilight hush, and the evening star,
Home-call for the hearts that voyage far,
Shall bring hearts unvanquished from buoyant flight,
To the brooding peace of the glad, sweet night,
To rest 'neath day's joy ad day's love, hearts' wings,
While the skies bend low and the starlight sings,
And God's peace enfolds. Heart's-love answers whether
My dreaming is seeing, wee vagrant feather.

Lake Huron, August 18, 1906. ROBERT P. DOREMUS.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Unity of Christians

A UNITED EFFORT OF PRAYER.

Sir: We, who subscribe this letter, represent widely different Christian communities. We agree in deprecating at present any large schemes of corporate reunion, which seem to us premature, or any attempts to treat our existing religious divergencies as unimportant; but we agree, also, in believing profoundly that our Lord Jesus Christ meant us to be one in visible fellowship; we feel profoundly the paralyzing effect upon the moral forces of Christianity which our divisions inevitably produce, and we recognize with the fullest conviction that it is the duty of all Christians, who desire in this respect the fulfillment of the Divine purpose, to give themselves to penitence and prayer—to penitence because we have all, in various ways, as bodies and individuals, contributed to produce and perpetuate differences; and to prayer because what we all alike need is that God should open our minds and hearts to receive without prejudice the gradual revelation of his will as to the ways by which we are to be drawn together.

Being so far agreed, we are venturing, not we believe without the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to approach as far as we can, all the Christian ministers of religion in England to ask them to prepare their congregations for a united effort of prayer on Whit Sunday next, at the principal morning service, for the reunion of Christians—special care being taken that such prayer should be entirely uncontroversial, and should involve no assumptions except those which all Christians can make their own, viz.:

That our Lord meant us to be one in visible fellowship;

That our existing divisions hinder or even paralyze his work;

That we all deserve chastisement, and need penitence, for the various ways in which we have contributed to produce or promote division;

That we all need open and candid minds to receive light and yet more light, so that, in ways we perhaps as yet can hardly imagine, we may be led back towards unity.

We believe that by these solemn exercises of penitential devotion dispositions may be created and nourished which will do much to end the needless embitterment so frequently pervading our differences of judgment and creed; and that a freer way may be prepared for the Divine purpose to realize itself.

RANDALL CANTUAR,
T. J. DICKENSON,
President of the United Methodist Free Churches.
WILLIAM EBOR,
J. H. JOWETT,
Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.
C. H. KELLY,
President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.
J. B. MEHARRY,
Moderator-Elect of the English Presbyterian Church.
F. B. MEYER,
President of the Baptist Union.
A. J. MILNE,
Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.
ROBERT RAINY,
Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland.
E. J. ROBINSON,
President of the Methodist New Connexion Church.
GEORGE ST. ANDREWS,
Primus of the Scottish Church.
—*From British Weekly.*

Heaven

BY EDWARD SCRIBNER AMES.

It is important to recognize that the Bible itself does not assume to give any exact and adequate description of any place called heaven. The apostle Paul says that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Jesus had little to say of the future home of man. When he used the term heaven, it was usually in the phrase, kingdom of heaven; and he clearly taught that this kingdom existed on the earth and would continue to do so. It is the latest writer of the New Testament books who has most to say of heaven as a place, and he clearly states that his information came in visions. He is also given to profuse imagery and symbolism, from which it would be profitless to attempt to construct a literal and authentic account of the celestial paradise. It is not difficult to see that the descriptions in Revelation are taken from well-known experiences of men and women on the earth and idealized and magnified by the imagination. In that picture the old walled city such as kings built for themselves is described with the addition of a certain elegance and magnitude. The walls are thick and high. The gates are of the most precious stones. The streets are of gold—that being perhaps the greatest expression of magnificent luxury of which the mind was then capable. Every city must have water and so there is in this wonder city a stream of marvelous purity, on whose banks grows a tree of magical power yielding its healing fruit every month. The inhabitants are never sick, never grow old and never have anything to do but to enjoy themselves. It is in this last feature as much as anywhere that the local and limited nature of this vision appears. That is distinctly an oriental ideal of good fortune. It does not belong to the spirit of Anglo-Saxon life. On the contrary, there is a distinct conviction, at least in the present time, that such a surfeit of elegance and comfort would be unendurable. Man's life has always been characterized by effort, with only short respite for quiet ease. After a little rest and recuperation he is restless and eager for toil, for adventure and change. Those who attempt to live in leisure and pleasure are likely to be quite unhappy and are certain to be regarded as lacking in essential virtues. The fact is, each age makes its own ideals of heaven, and makes them out of what it conceives to be the best elements of its own life. At the present, the tendency is to use the word heaven as practically equivalent to the phrase, kingdom of heaven. This use of the term gives it immediate reality and enables one to think of heaven as present on the earth here and now, as well as in the future and elsewhere. The kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of righteousness and love. It therefore exists wherever and whenever these qualities appear. The chief reason for thinking of heaven as belonging to another world and to the distant future was that the Jews of Jesus' time felt unable to realize their ideal of the heavenly kingdom in the present and on the earth. In the earlier days, their dream was of an earthly kingdom, with fertile land, abundant

herds and the blessings of peace. But as that was made impossible by powerful enemies, by internal dissensions and by many unexpected difficulties, the vision of heaven rose from the earth and receded into the distance. Particularly did the followers of Christ think it hopeless to establish a redeemed society in this wicked world. They were persecuted here. They were allowed no continuing city. But they could not believe their cause would fail. God would bring them into victory and dominion at last. Now conditions have changed. The earth is more than ever in the hands of Christians. The great nations of the earth would fight for Christianity rather than against it. They protect it, they give it freedom and patronage. No nation, if any were so disposed, is powerful enough to carry on the old persecutions. The fair city of reverence and love, which appeared so remote in the night of ignorance and violence is returning. The prophets and seers see its foundations building on the very earth at the present time. What was impossible two thousand years ago is already coming to pass, so that in reality the period in which heaven has been thought of as unearthly is insignificant as compared with the time in which earlier man knew only the life about him, or as compared with the dominion of the coming man who will rejoice in realizing more and more fully in this earthly life the heaven of his hope.

There is a simple observation made possible by the Copernican view of the universe, which still further nullifies the crass conception of heaven as literally "up." Whoever thinks of it as directly over him in space, while the place of evil spirits is in the opposite direction, has failed to include in his idea the rotation of the earth upon its axis, for this rotation inverts the man every twelve hours, and makes a complete exchange of that which is above and that which is beneath. The locations and directions which belonged to the conception of the earth as flat, with a fixed firmament above and an under world below, no longer aid the imagination in the idealization of the spiritual life. This must be done in other terms than those of space. When we say, "Our Father which art in heaven," it is not meant that God is physically up above us, but that he is above us in wisdom, in justice and in love. The heavens, in the literal, spatial sense are not so much the dwelling place of God as is the soul of a righteous man here upon the earth. To be in heaven is not primarily to be in any *place,* but it is to be in a righteous condition of mind and heart. To be in heaven is to belong by one's character, by will and work, to the kingdom or society of good and worthy people. The different meanings of the word heaven in the scriptures are due to a difference in the degree of figurative, ideal content which it possesses in different passages. The more ideal and spiritual meanings are the truest.

The best account of the manner of life in heaven is found, not in the Apocalypse, but in the beatitudes. The former has much to say of robes, of precious stones, or spectacular, dazzling environment. The latter deals with the inner life, with the sources and springs of character. Here is found the answer to the question as to how one enters heaven. It cannot be by death. There is no evidence that death changes the character, any more than sickness or sleep changes it. The direction of a man's life is established while he lives and in all probability that direction is not changed by the mere fact of death. The beatitudes teach that the poor in spirit attain heaven and those who endure persecution for righteousness sake. The true resurrection is the resurrection of the moral nature. The way into heaven is humility, childlikeness and love. These are the conditions of salvation. Nothing else is essential. Everything else gets its meaning from these. Doctrines, ordinances, acts of worship are of value only as they inculcate and maintain these qualities. Death-bed repentance is therefore a very poor sort. It is much like the promise of a child under the impending rod. It does not of itself afford a sufficient guarantee of efficient habits, of sustained and fruitful attitudes of thought and will.

Altogether too much mystery has been thrown around the process of entering heaven. People speculate over the destiny of the dead as though God might in some arbitrary way decide their fate. They try to determine how much the divine mercy will interfere with the demands of justice. They speculate with reference to the chances of a person who lived righteously but did not obey some alleged "command," such as baptism. The argument becomes particularly interesting when the apologist speaks of an individual to whom he is attached by the strongest sentiments. The little circle of his logic is clear and complete, but the life of the departed loved one did not conform to the demands of the premises. Then the deeper insights and instincts of the soul make havoc of the logic. The "clemency," that is, the supposed power of God to set aside the law of the moral universe, is invoked. Great reliance upon the "uncovenanted mercies" of God is professed. In this way men make up for the moral deficiencies of their theological systems by attributing still greater weaknesses to the divine nature. But it is not so difficult to know when a man belongs to the kingdom of heaven and is in the process of being saved. It is not like guessing on the destination of a friend who has gone from his neighborhood without telling whither he was bound. The question of being in heaven is the same for this world and the next. It is just a question of the qualities of life which belong to a man. If his citizenship is in heaven here, it will also be in heaven hereafter, and it does not often require the witness of an expert to determine whether a man's life here and now belongs to heaven. Character does not require some occult test. It is not revealed to palmists and clairvoyants so much as it is to one's neighbors and business associates. In every really good man the evidence of his goodness is clear. The people who always claim that they are not "understood," and complain that they are better than men think, are properly regarded with suspicion. Goodness is simple. It is consistent. It does not depend upon subtlety nor upon obscure and secret motives. It is clear, transparent. It is self-evidencing. It justifies itself before the world. The registration of members in the kingdom of heaven is therefore automatic and immediate. It does not depend upon ecclesiastical authority, nor even upon a special divine decree either before the foundation of the world or at some great day of judgment in the future. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The conception of heaven as a righteous existence and as a society of souls hungering and thirsting after righteousness makes real and vivid the assertions concerning the light, the joy, the consolations of heaven. Light is the scriptural symbol for the truth. No one can be in heaven who loveth or maketh a lie. Evil belongs to the night and darkness. It involves secrecy and inconsistency, which need cover. Heaven is illuminated by all forms of truth. The light of science and of art and of the long experience of the race dwell there. All knowledge and wisdom give it their radiance and glory, as the sun gives color and beauty to the earth.

The light of truth brings happiness. People who

live in this light themselves and work with one another by it fulfill one of the great conditions of happiness. Deception and faithlessness bring much of the keenest pain and suffering to men. They breed confusion and enmity. Pretense, insincerity, hypocrisy and strife belong to them. But where the truth reigns there is confidence, companionship and peace. The consolations of good men are largely found in the consciousness of their integrity and in the conviction of the poet:

> Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,—
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
> And dies among his worshipers.

There are no separations in heaven. It is sin which separates—selfishness, impatience and deceit. But love and righteousness bind men together. They make heaven wherever they exist. They overleap time and space, and unite men of different ages and of different lands. Good men in all time and everywhere have common interests and profit by each other's deeds. It is character and not blood which makes real brothers of men. Blood is no guarantee against hatred and violence, but character is. Not even death separates good people. Physical separation is nothing compared with alienation of affection, and the divergence of will. Those whom we love continue with us in memory and exert powerful influences over us even when they have passed away; but those who have lost the claim to our respect and devotion may be utterly withdrawn from our lives even while they live. When we are no longer able to keep company by memory and imagination with the dead, we are also unable to enjoy the living. So little do spiritual sympathies and affinities depend upon actual physical existence that one's nearest neighbors in thought, and those who influence one most may be persons who lived hundreds of years ago. The most potent, vitalizing personality in the world today is that of Jesus. Death did not remove him from the world. Time has not dimmed his name. He has been exalted in the kingdom of heaven on the earth and he rules over it more truly and more powerfully than any secular king rules in his kingdom.

The building of heaven is the great task of Jesus and his disciples. At the end of his brief ministry it was only begun. He summoned his followers to carry it on. They were to preach it, to establish it and to resurrect men into it out of graves of trespasses and sins. This is the duty of the church today. This is her opportunity. She has long enough prepared men for death. It is more important to teach them how to live. This is a larger work than has been realized. It is not merely pointing men heavenward, but it is the creation and maintenance of heaven itself. Neither is there any choice as to where this paradise shall be builded. It cannot be in the wilderness nor on some new continent. It must be in the midst of the world's real life. Those who work at it need no special dress nor separate speech. Their instruments are education and science and the common social life. Those who labor at this task, need no magic or miracle. They only need wisdom and patience and love.

The whole question is changed from the traditional form. So long as heaven was a mansion with a doorkeeper of rather uncertain sentiments, men were much absorbed in the discussion of ways of getting into it. Some contended that the names of those who should enter were chosen and written down before the foundation of the world. Others held that every man had a chance to earn his way in by hard work. Still others insisted that one must have learned and assented to certain statements written in a book, or must profess faith in the occurrence of many impossible things. In no case could he get in if he had not been immersed in water or had water sprinkled on his body. To this there was no exception. All churches taught it. Without this there was no certainty of entrance for any!

But when heaven is regarded as a moral and social order to be established upon the earth, the questions concerning it are very different. Every devout soul then asks himself what can be done to advance such a kingdom. He looks for recognition in it on account of what he is willing to do for it. He does not merely assent to the mummery of some creed, use water, and then feel himself securely destined for a better world than this. He sets himself to coöperate with the people who are striving to live the actual life in home and shop and trade with true reverence for human nature and profound faith in its capacity for growth and achievement. The church becomes to him the society of men and women who are earnestly attempting to exalt the purest, strongest, most beautiful and most lovable type of humanity which the world has known. No one who longs for such a heaven as this can be content with the mere formalism of much of the religion of today, but will insist that the highest type of religion is that which is sincerely devoted to the realization here and now of such a brotherhood of men as is worthy to bear the name of Christ.

The Blind Gentian

> It grows in many a nook and bend
> Our autumn ways along,
> Fair cousin of the flower which love
> Has sanctified with song.
>
> A poor relation! so it seems,
> Whom no one cares to praise;
> That never gave a poet yet
> One leaf among his bays.
>
> No maiden lays you to her breast,
> Or binds you to her zone;
> No ruthless hand is glad to pluck
> And claim you as its own.
>
> I often wonder what within
> Doth secretly abide;
> I never yet have dared to pluck
> The clinging veil aside.
>
> Whatever fate hath made you thus—
> A fountain closely sealed—
> One lesson in your looks I find,
> For gentle souls revealed.
>
> For who, and not himself be blind,
> Can pass your coverts by
> Nor find the colors that you wear
> The bluest of the sky?
>
> Such your reward, or such I deem,
> For reverence pure and sweet,
> Which veils an angel-face where some
> Rush in with foolish feet.
>
> Dear, humble flower, go home with me,
> That I may better tell:
> With such as are least bold with heaven
> Doth most of heaven dwell.
>
> —*John W. Chadwick.*

An English clergyman was called suddenly to preach before the students of a well known college. He hurriedly chose out of his "barrel" a sermon, and without reading it went to a college chapel, the congregation of which was wholly composed of male students. He got along famously until near the close, when he amazed the boys by beginning his peroration thus, "And now a word in conclusion to you who are mothers."—*Exchange.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Capture of Stensland.

The most picturesque event in the week's history has been the capture of Stensland, the Chicago bank wrecker, which was effected in Tangier, Morocco, by Assistant State's Attorney Olsen and a representative of the Chicago *Tribune*. The two men had tracked him through Spain and to Tangier, obtaining their original clue from a woman in Chicago. By the courtesy of the Sultan of Morocco, he was promptly handed over to the American consul, and the red tape of the state department was quickly thrust aside by President Roosevelt, who appointed the two Chicago men special agents of the United States government to bring the prisoner home and hand him over to the Illinois authorities. Stensland broke down completely after his capture and made a clean breast of his crimes. If his statements can be believed, it was one of those cases, not unusual, in which two men were led along by one another in wrongdoing, each being afraid to stop lest the other should expose him. Incidentally, the chase illustrates the difficulty of any man, once clearly identified, escaping capture in this small world of ours. Where shall a guilty creature hide?

What To Do with Stensland.

A crime like this shows how crude and irrational are our systems of punishment. We have no way of dealing with this man but to put him in prison for the rest of his life, in company with the coarsest and vilest of men, at hard but relatively unproductive labor. This will do him no good, nor will it recover a dollar for any of the poor people from whom he has stolen. Its only merit is to make men dread the consequences of such crimes. And yet Stensland is a man of a high degree of earning power. That earning power, properly conserved and utilized, would be the best asset of the bank's depositors. Some day in the far future we may devise a form of punishment which will combine the infliction of the uttermost disgrace with the conservation of the earning power of the convict,—putting him in the hands of a public custodian and setting him at work earning money to make reparation to those he has wronged. That would combine three things essential to true punishment,—disgrace, reparation, and the improvement rather than the further debasement of the criminal. But this is not one of the things as yet in sight, even from the Watch-Tower.

Mr. Bryan's Challenge to His Party.

The most important event of the week is Mr. Bryan's Chicago speech. In it he took the most advanced position for the reform of a political party that has ever been taken by any national political leader in the present generation. Taking as a test case Mr. Roger Sullivan, president of the Ogden Gas Company and National Committeeman of the Democratic party from Illinois, Mr. Bryan threw down the gauntlet to his party, declaring that if the Democratic party would win the confidence of the people in its fight against the trusts, it must eliminate from its organization every man who holds office in public franchise corporations. "No man can serve two masters," said Mr. Bryan. "If the Democratic party has not virtue enough to spew out those who traffic in politics for the sake of the corporations to which they belong, it does not deserve victory, nor can it hope for it. . . . My political asset is the confidence the people have in my sincerity, and I do not want that confidence shattered by intimacy with men of his political methods." No braver words have ever been spoken by a presidential candidate. Those who see in this matter merely a personal dispute wholly fail to grasp its significance. It is the assertion of a great principle, and in it Mr. Bryan is wholly right. That by his sheer personal strength he can lift the machine of his party out of the mire of corporate affiliations into which both great parties have sunk, we greatly doubt. It may be that he will have to throw over the organization entirely and appeal to the common people. It is evident that Mr. Bryan is very much greater than his party, and that the words, "I am a democrat," mean two very different things in his mouth and in the mouth of a man like Roger Sullivan.

Mr. Bryan's Railroad Proposition.

Comment on Mr. Bryan's advocacy of public ownership of railroads would seem to indicate that, while he may be right in principle, the people of this country are as yet far from ready for such a program. Those who favor it are mostly theorists, and of that socialistic type with which Mr. Bryan himself is not in sympathy. Practical men the country over are opposed to it. The *New York Times*, in a carefully written editorial, points out the enormous fiscal difficulties in the way of the taking over by the government of railroads whose securities are valued at between ten and fifteen billions of dollars, and practically adding this amount to the public debt. When we remember that we have seven times as many miles of railroad as Germany and eight times as many as France, it becomes evident that little short of a revolution could bring to pass such an undertaking as Mr. Bryan advocates. His plan for assigning trunk lines to the federal government and local lines to the states is generally regarded as impracticable, and is probably only intended as a concession to state's rights men. At the same time, chimerical as the proposition would seem to be at the present time, it is entirely possible that the end of the century may prove that Mr. Bryan has been more of a prophet than his contemporaries have been willing to believe.

The Philadelphia Embezzlement.

The latest developments in the Philadelphia embezzlement reveal a depth of crookedness and business depravity fully equal to that of Stensland in Chicago, and participated in by men of the highest commercial standing. The dead president, Hipple, and a promoter by the name of Segal appear to have been the chief criminals, and it remains to be seen how many directors and others were in collusion with them. Against gigantic and deliberate crimes of this nature, no laws seem to be of any avail. We shall have just as many of them as the standard of character prevailing in the community permits. The more men make money their god, the more of these things there will be.

Bishop McCabe's Protest.

Bishop McCabe, of the Methodist Church, whose name appears on the International Policy Holders' committee, but who has never attended a meeting of it, has come out with a letter repudiating the recent report of the committee, and advising people to vote for the administration tickets in the New York Life and the Mutual Life, instead of the committee's ticket. The committee has promptly removed Bishop McCabe's name from its membership, calling attention with considerable force to the fact that instead of sending his letter of protest directly to them he sent it first to President Peabody of the Mutual Life. If the Bishop is right, he certainly took an unfortunate method of presenting his views to the public.

The Russian Policy.

The Russian autocracy has apparently adopted the policy of first exterminating the "reds," and then inaugurating a program of exceedingly liberal reforms which are expected to win over the moujiks. This is a policy which has never yet succeeded, so far as we are aware, in human history, and it was effectively vetoed by the Master in the parable of the tares.

The Negro Fought Fair.

UNITY does not often chronicle prize fights except to deplore them; but we have a certain satisfaction in noting the entire absence of race prejudice in the comments on the recent contest between a negro and a white man in Nevada, and also that the negro was awarded the victory on account of a disgraceful foul blow by his white adversary. It is an illustration from low life of the truth of Booker Washington's principle that the colored man has only to put up a better type of character and ability than the white man in order to win his share of recognition.

W. B. T.

Life

Let me but live my life from year to year,
Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;
With forward face and unreluctant soul;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Think what it is to be full of love to every creature, to be frightened at nothing, to be sure that all things will turn to good.

MON.—But we must live as much as we can for human joy, dwelling on sorrow and pain only so far as the consciousness may help us in striving to remedy them.

TUES.—I have found already some of the "sweet uses" that belong to what is called trouble, which is, after all, only a deepened gaze into life.

WED.—You must love your work, not always be looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin.

THURS.—Conscience is harder than our enemies; knows more; accounts with more nicety.

FRI.—Folks as have no mind to be o' use have always the luck to be out o' the road when there's anything to be done.

SAT.—It is never too late to write gentle words.—*George Eliot.*

From the Woods

Here in the deep wood's green content
  I would be free of the sleepless town,
Deaf to the tramp of those many feet
  That plod so patiently up and down.

Free of the noise, the strife, the heat,
  Free of the voices of human woe;
Here in this cloistered and cool retreat,
  Free of the toilers who come and go.

Here in the green wood's shadowy peace,
  Lord, grant me courage and calm again
The better to lighten with loyal heart
  The load of the sorrowful world of men.

—*Written for The Congregationalist by Grace Duffield Goodwin.*

The Waterfall

A mountain brook, one sunny day,
Ran off from home and lost its way;
In places never seen before
It wandered for a mile or more.
And then it found a rocky stair,
All slippery, and tumbled there;
Went down with such a mighty fall
It never could climb back at all.

—*May Morgan, in September St. Nicholas.*

How Insects Make Music

The grasshopper has a wing that is very curious to look at. You have seen this little insect, I have no doubt. Its color is light green, and just where the wing joins the body there is a thick ridge, and another on the wing. On this ridge there is a thin but strong skin, which makes a sort of drum-head.

It is the rubbing of these two ridges or drum-heads together which makes the queer noise you have heard. There is no music in it certainly. The insects could keep quiet if they wished; but they must enjoy making the noise.

The grasshopper sometimes makes two rubs on its drum-head and sometimes three. The moment it is very dark they begin. Soon the whole company is at work. As they rest after each rubbing, it seems as if they answered one another.

Did you know that bees hum from under their wings? It is not the stir of those beautiful light wings we hear. It is the air drawing in and out of the air tubes, in the bee's quick flight. The faster the bee flies, the louder the humming is. Did you know that insects feel? They have nerves all over them, through their wings and out to the end of every feeler.

Sorrow that is for sin, so far from being an oppression of our nature, is, like all other graces, for the perfection of it. —*Simmond.*

And O, and O, the daisies blow,
  And the primrose is awake;
And the violets white
Sit in silvery light,
  And the lily buds swim in the lake.

—*Keats.*

"The Hills of the Lord"

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

God ploughed one day with an earthquake,
  And drove His furrows deep!
The huddling plains upstarted,
  The hills were all aleap!

But that is the mountains' secret,
  Age hidden in their breast;
  "God's peace is everlasting"
  Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
  The home elect of His grace;
He spreadeth His mornings on them,
  His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
  Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
  Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them—
  Wild storm-news from the main?
They sing it down to the valleys
  In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,
  And over the uplands flock:
He hath woven the zones together
  As a robe for His risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
  Nests for His flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born races,
  Masterful, free and proud.

The people of tired cities
  Come up to their shrines and pray;
God freshens again within them,
  As He passes by all day.

And, lo! I have caught their secret—
  The beauty deeper than all!
This faith—that Life's hard moments,
  When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing His mountains;
  And those mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness,
  And His peace everlasting to me.

—*Old and New.*

Plants Which Cough

Man has not a monopoly of coughing. Before there was a vertebrate on the earth, while man was in process of evolution through the vegetble world, *Etada Tussien*—that is what the botanists call him, while we know him as the "coughing bean!" —coughed and blew dust out of his lungs. Recently botanists have been giving special attention to this bean, and tell interesting things about it. It is a nativé of warm and moist tropical countries, and objects most emphatically to dust. When dust settles on the breathing pores in the leaves of the plant and chokes them a gas accumulates inside, and when it gains sufficient pressure there comes an explosion with a sound exactly like coughing and the dust is blown from its lodgment. And, more strange still, the plants get red in the face through the effort.

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another till he is starved and destroyed. —*Tillotson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

RESTORATIONS AT MALMAISON.—Earlier in the season we gave an account in these columns of the Arenenberg chateau, the Swiss refuge of Hortense Beauharnais and her son, later Napoleon III. This chateau had recently been presented by the Empress Eugénie to canton Thurgau. Just what was to be done with the valuable Napoleonic relics the chateau contained was not at that time stated. It now appears that they have been sent to Malmaison, from whence most of them originally came. Thanks to their return, this long desolate chateau will soon present something of its old-time aspect. The *Journal de Genève* of July 30 gives some interesting notes on these restorations. It says:

The collection of objects from the Arenenberg received at Malmaison consists of pieces of furniture belonging to Josephine, to Queen Hortense or to the emperor, of pictures and works of art, decorative vases and of some pieces of table service, which until 1814 belonged in the chateau to which they have now been returned.

One of the most precious and suggestive of these relics is a curious little secretary, so low that at first sight one has difficulty in determining for what purpose it was intended. In form it resembles an antique chest and it seems rather intended to hold a lady's ribbons and folderols than campaign plans and grave papers of state. This box seems closed on all sides but on examining closely, one finds, under the moulding on the top, a narrow slit. Through this the emperor was wont to slip the secret documents whose existence was to be known to himself alone. Under a bronze eagle ornamenting one side of the chest is a lock the key to which Napoleon always kept about him.

M. Pallu de la Barriere immediately had this curious little chest carried into the library on the ground floor, and placed beside the emperor's writing-desk and armchair, where it is now to be seen. On the study table, the custodian has brought together a number of volumes, the *Œuvres de Rulhière*, the *Voyage de la Grèce*, which bear the monogram P. B. (Pagerie-Beauharnais) and the stamp of the *"Bibliothèque de Malmaison"* and which he has been so fortunate as to recover after long and patient search.

The collection presented by the Empress Eugénie consists further of a mahogany bedstead with decoration in gilt bronze, belonging to Queen Hortense; several small pieces which furnished her chamber at Malmaison; two jardinières with laurel wreaths, once belonging to Josephine; the toilet table and octagonal dressing-glass of Queen Hortense; a dozen champagne glasses and a decanter for *licquer* bearing the initial J and the imperial crown; two white and gold vases of Sèvres porcelain, with the initial B (Beauharnais), which Josephine owned before her marriage to Napoleon and which she always kept with her whether at the Tuilleries or at Malmaison, a very pretty chest of drawers, late Louis XVI, originally belonging to the Beauharnais family; a marble bust of the empress by Chinard, a Lyonese sculptor of repute at the beginning of the last century.

There are also six superb portraits of Egyptian chiefs, which Napoleon had painted by artists of the mission which followed the Egyptian campaign. These portraits are not signed but they are evidently by the hand of a master. They have been replaced on the walls which they formerly decorated in the billiard room. They were first carried from Malmaison to Munich in 1815. When Queen Hortense withdrew to Arenenberg, she took them to that chateau with all the other souvenirs she had been able to take from Malmaison.

M. Pallu de la Barriere, who has found an enthusiastic collaborator in M. Locquet, custodian of the national furniture repository, has already, thanks to these gifts of the empress and to pieces in the old stores of crown furniture, been able to restore the furnishings of several rooms of the chateau.

Josephine's bed chamber with its gilded bed with swan decoration, in which she died, is now complete. The gilded grand salon has recovered all its furniture of 1814.

Before the end of the month, the dining room, which is separated from the

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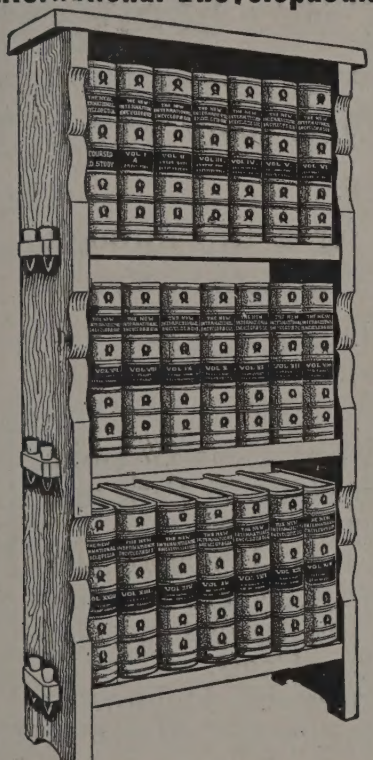

—The Editors-in-Chief are Daniel Coit Gilman, L. L. D., President of Johns Hopkins University (1876-1901), afterwards President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph. D., L. H. D., Professor in Columbia University, and Frank Moore Colby, M. A., late Professor in New York University, assisted by over three hundred scholars as assistants.
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library, nearly complete, by the still empty council hall, will also have its furnishings restored. All the seats have just been found and at the present moment the great table which occupied the center of the room is being reconstructed from designs by the cabinetmaker of the First Consul, which were unearthed in the archives the national furniture repository.

Finally, the Museum of the Louvre will lend some of the marble busts—the rest were bought by the czar, Alexander I—which decorated the vestibule where Josephine used to give audiences as she passed, with her two little dogs, from the salons to the dining room, and where she especially caused to be presented to her the mother of Mme. Amable Tastu, an interview which descriptions have made celebrated.

As it is today the chateau of Malmaison already seems a museum of souvenirs. The gaps will soon be filled by the valuable gifts which the Empress Eugénie has just made.

All for whom the pathetic interest and charm of Josephine's career have not been hopelessly destroyed by modern revelations, will certainly rejoice at this restoration of the residence so intimately associated with her memory.

M. E. H.

Important Chinese Edicts

The ambassador of China to the United States, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, has recently visited Northfield, Mass., and while there he stated to his host, Mr. Henry D. Fearing, that an edict has been promulgated from Peking ordering that hereafter all Chinese embassies in Christian lands shall be closed to all business upon Sunday. In addition to this, another edict requires the suspension of certain labors in China itself upon Sunday; but how much or how little may be meant by this, or what actions are affected by the edict, is not plain. It should be remembered that Japan several months ago made Sunday a "quasi" sacred day, and it certainly looks as if the Lord's Day might receive greater honor in Tokyo and Peking in the near future than it has lately received in New York or Chicago.

Americans in South Africa

A visit to the missionary institutions at Lovedale, South Africa, has recently been paid by Mr. John R. Mott, of this country, and by Miss Rouse, secretary of Christian work among the women of Christian colleges. At the principal service in Lovedale there were present ministers, both European and native, representing the Anglican, Dutch Reformed, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Moravian and Baptist churches, as well as officers of the Salvation Army. Among such delegates were two moderators of their respective ecclesiastical bodies. Every South African tribe was represented, and Mr. Mott's interpreter was Rev. Mr. Mpamba. The meetings assumed spontaneously the character of a revival, and a number of conversions followed, while fifty young people volunteered to go out and conduct like services for a stated period among the native tribes of their homeland. Our Scotch exchanges speak with marked appreciation of the work accomplished by these representatives of the Student Christian Federation of the United States.—*From The Interior.*

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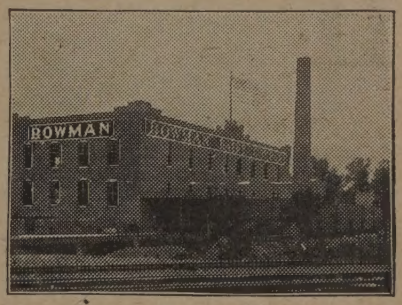

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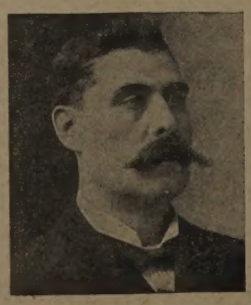

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